VS 234

Shelley catosi

Br an Ollier 1818
Fragment

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Dunke

Shelley an Charles Ollier.

Lucca, 18. Aug. 1818.

a. Költ.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Shelley.

Bagni di Lucca, August 18. 1818.

My dear Sir

I hear that you have sent me a parcel & probably a letter, but I have yet recieved neither. Be so kind as to instruct me by what conveyance you expedited it.

Voici the conclusion of my little poem, which I took advantage of ten days of dubious inspiration to finish – the terror of your reproaches & the printers wonder operated as Muse on the occasion. You will observe that the fabric of the ~~complete~~ composition is light & unstudied – I trust if it have little merit it has as much as it aspires to. – I cannot expect that that pig the public will trouble itself to desert its christmas meal, & drink a drop of dew so evanescent ———

See Hunt for me – or speak the one word – Shelley. I wish you would write & tell me some news of him & his books – How Foliage goes on &c. – My own book of course acquires little attention. How proceeds, & what is, Keats Endymion. I hope that will be included in my parcel. He has a fine imagination & ought to become something excellent – but he is at present entangled in the cold vanity of systems.

Mr Peacock will correct the proofs – I have written to him about it ———

Yours very truly

P. B. Shelley.

There are inclosed 6 pieces of writing & 1 letter which you will oblige me by putting in the twopenny post immediately

The poem above alluded to is "Rosalind & Helen"

F P O
SE 7
1818

5/9

LUCCA

[illegible]

Mr. Charles Ollier
3 Welbeck Street
Cavendish Square
London
Inghilterra

Schelling.

Miles.

llny

Into one thought—one image—yes forever
Even like the dayspring poured on vapours
The beams of that one Star did shoot & quiver dark
Into my benighted mind—& were so long until never.

43

The day past thus—at night methought
A shape of speechless beauty did appear; in dream
It stood like light on a careering stream
Of golden clouds which shook the atmosphere
A winged youth, his radiant brow did wear
The Morning Star,—a wild dissolving bliss
Over my frame he breathed, approaching near
And bent his eyes of kindling tenderness
Near mine, & on my lips impressed a lingering kiss

44

And said—A Spirit loves thee, mortal maiden
How wilt thou prove thy worth? then joy & sleep
Together fled—my soul was deeply laden
And to the shore I went to muse & weep
But, as I moved, over my heart did creep
A joy less soft, but more profound & strong
Than my sweet dream, & it forbade to keep
The path of the sea shore—that Spirits tongue
Seemed whispering in my heart & bore my steps along

45

How to that vast & peopled city led
Which was a field of holy warfare then
I walked among the dying & the dead
And shared in fearless deeds with evil men